

THE  
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῶν ἐστίν.”

*PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.*

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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THE present number terminates our volume—the fifteenth of the work, and eighth of the new series. While gratefully acknowledging the indulgence with which our “manifold sins” of omission and commission have been tolerated, and (we trust) pardoned, we cannot resist the temptation to re-assert our claim to the kindly consideration of the musical public, professional and amateur, on the score of our ONE VIRTUE—a boundless love of our beautiful art, inciting the most zealous and undeviating endeavours in support of its true interests, and those of its votaries, all over the world, but particularly as regards our country and native musicians—this is our proud boast, our brief but honest appeal; the courteous reader who has travelled with us forbearingly, will, we trust, alight at this stage, not entirely worn out by the journey; and to those who proceed with us, fully expecting, as we do, a large accession of numbers, we confidently promise an improved vehicle and more practised coachmanship.

We believe the above conveys all that is required to be said and to be understood; volumes on the subject would not confirm it, and the Editor, therefore, cheerfully leaves it to the test of the past—and the future. But as at the close of a half year’s diligence, the schoolboy becomes entitled to his “breaking up” festival, or holiday licence, so do we “children of a larger growth” look for our meed of indulgence—

Be this, then, our grateful privilege—to invite and press attention to two of the most interesting events of the present season—the concerts to be given on Monday and Tuesday next for the benefit of the widows and families of the late Mr. Willman and Mr. Godbé.

Of the claims which Mr. Willman’s memory has to public sympathy, it were almost needless to speak, they being so generally known and felt. The arduous struggle of a life which raised him from the lowest to the highest rank of his

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profession—his acknowledged talent—the unaffectedness of his character—and his constant and ready assistance of others,—these qualities gathered a host of friends round the lamented artist, and will assuredly induce support to those who are left to deplore the loss of the man.

Mr. Godbé's reputation may be less widely appreciated, but the claims of a widow and four or five infant children, robbed of their natural protection by one of the severest of mortal afflictions, are no less strong and appealing. Mr. Godbé was a gentleman of cultivated manners and taste, a diligent teacher, and the successful composer of many very favourite pieces. The numbers whose hours of care have been solaced into enjoyment by his works or his labours, are invoked to the aid of the Tuesday's endeavour; hallowed as that aid will be, by the sweet tears of innocent and grateful affliction.

To the mere stranger, and the indifferent (if such there can be), these concerts present an unusual attraction in the constellation of native and foreign talent which their respective announcements present—talent thus happily and ardently concentrated in the labour of love. We can conscientiously promise the first-rate entertainment, and we confidently look for the most satisfactory results.

Those who may be unable to attend these performances, are respectfully reminded that contributions to the separate funds which they are intended to raise, may be forwarded to the two Committees for the management of these interesting concerts, and are received by Mr. Budd, of Pall-mall, treasurer for Mrs. Willman; by the principal music-sellers, and at the office of the "Musical World."

### LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(Concluded from page 293.)

The German opera was followed by a flourishing epilogue from the Harlequin, who made his exit with a skip.

A brisk and enlivening waltz now struck up; the masks disperse in the crowd, and the spectators gather in little groups, and give vent to their critical feelings.

"What a ridiculous farce!" exclaimed a blue domino near me. "What wretched trash!" cried a second. "I would challenge the old One himself to explain what it all means," observed a third.

*A Spaniard.* "Your pardon sir; if you turn it over in your mind, I think you will discover that there is something in all this. At least, if I may speak for myself, I must say I am delighted with it."

*The Blue Domino.* "Sir, with all due submission, I cannot help thinking it a mere farrago; and then as for the verses—"

*Magician.* "Fairly and softly, good sir knight of the blue! or I shall assuredly shiver a lance with you."

The Domino did not wait to reply, but vanished in a trice.

*Magician.* "Ha! ha! Mr. Critic, I know you: we shall meet again."

A neat peasant girl advances to a Turkish lady: "Well, what a pity you were not here to see it. The lady had not much to say for herself, but then she was charmingly dressed, and as for the lover—heavens! what pitiful faces he made; it was enough to make one burst with laughter; and yet the conclusion was horribly beautiful—horribly so indeed!"

*A Gipsy Girl.* "Oh it was quite divine!"

"Here are specimens of criticism for you!" exclaimed a poet, who had just tossed off a huge jorum of punch; "what is trash with one, is beauty with another; and the lady's tawdry finery has more weight with a third, than the most finished of my verses."

"My good friend," said Felix, "don't be out of humour; rather take a lesson from all this. You have here a picture in miniature of the public of all times and places. It is thus that every simpleton thinks himself entitled for some dozen sous to pass judgment upon things of which he knows nothing, and on which he has never bestowed a thought in his life. Thus, in an instant, are the labours of long years trampled in the dust, and thus does the caprice of the moment find that divine now, which a few hours hence it may pronounce to be dull and insipid. With critics of this stamp, the accidental blunder of a scene-shifter is sufficient for the condemnation of a whole piece; nor, in many instances, are the decisions of the cognoscenti at all more reasonable, though differing in mode and degree.

*Dihl.* Your observation is, in many respects, just, as I have had opportunities of witnessing. And yet the rabble have their influence, sir, and must be written for; and hence the popularity of such pieces as the *Donauweibchen*, and others of the same stamp.

*Felix.* Even so, sir; and then your genteel rabble hearing of the *furore* which the piece has made, are desirous to see it. They go: decry it with all their might, and return to see it again and again. Thus it is that taste is ruined. Nothing is more true than the observation, that every man may form his own public. Do but give that public such productions as are truly excellent, and they will soon appreciate and become familiar with such excellence.

*Dihl.* You know, brother, that I love music to my very heart and soul, and am as much disposed to pardon the faults of composers as any man; but really, between ourselves, these new-fangled operas of our day have done an infinite deal of harm.

*Felix.* There, sir, you touch me in a most vital part. How often must I be obliged to prove to you, that true as this observation may be in part, yet on the whole—

"Stop thief! stop thief!" roared a hundred voices together at this moment. In an instant I was separated from my friend by the rush of the crowd, and as I was endeavouring to find him a person closely masked took me by the arm, and whispered in my ear, "So, your highness, I have found you!" Seeing me draw back, and survey him from top to toe, this mysterious personage approached me more closely. "What, does not your highness recognise me—Dario?" "Sir, you mistake." "O no, your highness is earlier than I expected, but just in time—lose not a moment—Emily." "Ha!" I exclaimed, "Emily!" and a thousand thoughts rushed at once through my soul, and filled me with indescribable emotion. I listened with the most breathless attention. "You know," continued he, "that Emily is passionately fond of dancing; I have one or two of my friends who constantly surround her, and others have engaged the old lady her aunt in deep conversation. Lose not a moment, your highness." "O worthy friend!" muttered I, and gave him so hearty a squeeze of the hand, that he was ready to roar out with pain. "Ah! I was sure your highness would be ready to die with joy." So saying he dashed into the crowd.

A *Polichinello* was in full activity in the quarter of the saloon towards which Dario had directed his course, and it was some time before I could make my way through the dense mass. At length I again caught a glimpse of the intriguing Italian. He was in deep conversation with three dominos in black; and before I could reach the spot where they stood, I saw them open a way through the crowd for a tall mask, who was leading by the arm a female dressed in white, with a lilac coloured scarf. In the impulse of the moment I made a spring forward, and came in such violent contact with a couple of gens-d'armes, that they instantly seized me, exclaiming, "Here's the thief! so we have caught my gentleman at last!" While I was struggling to get free from their grasp, I had the mortification to see the three dominos in question make their exit with the lady through the side-door of the saloon. I raved and tore like a madman, and by the violence of my manner, had nearly converted my sham arrest into one in earnest. The moment I got free I rushed into the street, but amidst the confusion of a hundred carriages, could discover no traces of the fugitives. In a transport of fury, rage, and despair, I hastened home to my lodgings. After the

first burst of passion had subsided, the violence of which was, however, sufficient to discompose the slumbers of half the sober inmates of the house, I gradually became more calm and collected. "Fool that I am!" at length I exclaimed, "thus to fall into a fever at the mere mention of the name of Emily. And who is Emily? a being known to me only by name, and who, in all probability, feels not the slightest interest about me. Again, is there but one female of the name of Emily in the world? What proof have I that this is the person, whom, in my waking dreams, I have accustomed myself to call *my* Emily?"

Soothed by these reflections, and partly worn out by exhaustion, I at length fell asleep. But the lady in white and the lilac coloured scarf continued to dance before my imagination; so that I awoke feverish and unrefreshed. I endeavoured to compose my thoughts, and to settle down to composition, but in vain. I was in that unfortunate frame of mind so common to men of impetuous tempers, in which the materials of unhappiness are produced not from external but from interior causes. Where others feel mere joy, such men are in a transport; where others are merely dejected, they are overwhelmed in bitterness of heart. They live, feel, and act in extremes; and this very sensibility is the active cause of their unhappiness, for, inexhaustible and all-absorbing as it is in its nature, it can never fill up the void in the soul, which it has itself created there.

Several days passed in this state of mind. How often did I fly to music, in the hope to give utterance to the feelings that overwhelmed my soul; but all to no purpose. There was a chaos in my thoughts; and when I endeavoured to reduce my feelings into order, they seemed to repel the effort, and to end in dullness and nullity of thought.

The common observation that none but the gay can compose what is gay, and the sorrowful what is sorrowful, proved a fallacy in my case. He who first made this remark was but ill read in the human heart. The deeper feelings of the soul are felt, but not expressed. The true moment for the creation of a work of art is the first repose from passion, when the individual—so to express it—first abstracts its attention from itself, and fixes it on other objects; and in the transition from excitement to enthusiasm, finds leisure to reflect, to arrange, and to give utterance to its feelings.

This moment had not yet arrived for me. It was some time before I recovered my spirits and usual tone of mind; and, at last, when reason and reflection had fully assumed their sway, I formed a resolution to banish from my mind all thoughts of my former idol.

In this determination I very laudably persevered for some days, and was priding myself on having made a considerable progress in forgetting her, when the accidental view of my masquerade dress at once upset my resolution, and awakened all my former flame. I put my hand mechanically into the pocket of the coat I had worn the same evening, and found a paper, which at the first glance, I recognised to be the poem which his Satanic majesty had given me to compose, and which I had promised to bring him at the next ball. The mere inscription *TO EMILY* was of itself a sufficient motive for my so doing. I now felt desirous to examine its contents, and sat down to read it. It was a beautiful poem, and the spirit that breathed through the whole of it perfectly enchanted me. On a second perusal, a melody in unison with the sentiments it contained at once presented itself to my mind, and I had hastened to commit it to paper, and was giving it the last finishing touches, when my friend Dohl came in.

"Heaven be praised," said he, "that I again see you at work, and that your countenance has resumed its usual serenity. Do I disturb you?"

"Ever and never.—You were going to say"——

*Dohl.* "That it is inconceivable to me how you can continue to converse while you are composing. I have long wished to put some questions to you on that point."

"Yes, my dear friend, I could almost bring myself to believe with Plato, that men,—or at least myself,—possess two souls; for certainly I possess two faculties, the one of which is adapted to the nature of music, and the other to conversation. For instance, I am able to speak coherently and with ease on

things totally different, and yet wholly occupied by my subject, and with all my soul, I can pursue a train of musical thought, and compose. I must, however, confess that, in so doing, I feel considerable exhaustion of spirits, not unlike the state of persons under the operation of certain gases, who speak and do things of which they are unconscious."

*Dihl.* "And is it the same with you in respect to every kind of composition?"

"Not altogether. The more severe works of art, such as fugues, &c., prevent me from combining both."

*Dihl.* "That's curious enough. Now I should have fancied that it was precisely this sort of stuff that needed the least exertion of the faculties; and that, for this purpose, it was sufficient for a composer to have properly digested his Kirnberger, Fox, Wolf, and other animals of the same genus."

"On the contrary, in compositions of the abstract kind, it is absolutely necessary that our feelings should serve as guiding stars to direct our course over the dreary desert, lest we should be led astray by the pedantry of the schools."

*Dihl.* "The sensible manner in which you are now conversing with me is the most perfect evidence that you are not composing fugues."

"Ah! there it is! you uninitiated people can never let the poor fugue pass in peace. Well, then, to tell you the truth, I was composing a song."

Having made my escape from the company, I returned to my quiet and lonely chamber, and once again tasted the sweets of that seclusion which I have always found so delightful and so beneficial. Here I can throw off that restraint which I am obliged to assume in the society of strangers; that calm and unruffled exterior which conceals a heart agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions, of which the least part are those arising from the pressure of external circumstances. And, in this respect, I had so far gained the command over myself, that it was impossible for any one to conceive that a countenance so calm, not to say cheerful, as mine, could conceal a heart consumed by secret sorrows, which were wearing away at once my body and soul.

It is by pressure only that the wave is raised; by pressure alone does the spring show its elasticity, and difficulty and distress have alone produced great men. If therefore, it be permitted me to apply this reasoning to myself, my expectation of greatness ought to have some foundation, for sure never mortal experienced more discouraging or depressing occurrences than myself. In the least, as well as in the most important events of my existence, fate has thrown a thousand obstacles in my way; and if sometimes I have been successful, the hindrances I experienced, and the difficulties I had to surmount were incredible, and embittered the enjoyment. The only advantage—if advantage it can be called—derived from these benumbing feelings, is a gradual insensibility to the blows of destiny; so that joy itself is no longer able to make an impression upon me, because the startling conviction that it will assuredly be mingled with bitterness comes with it hand in hand, like an attendant spectre. From the moment of my birth to the present hour, the course which my life has been different from that of other men. It is not given me to dwell with delight on the recollections of a childhood spent in happy and heedless glee; nor was my boyhood like that of other boys. In the green years of youth, I am already an old man in experience—an experience derived wholly from myself, and not from others. My bosom is a stranger to rational love, for my reason showed me too early that all the women by whom I was fool enough to fancy myself beloved, were only trifling with my feelings. One coquetted with me because I happened to be almost the only man in our village under forty; another pretended to love me for the sake of my talents; while a third gratified her vanity by giving myself, and all the rest of the world, reason to suppose that I had made a conquest of her heart. My belief in female excellence, of which, in the enthusiasm of my early years, I had formed a sublime idea, is gone, and with it, too a great share of my notions of human happiness. And yet, after all, would, to heaven, that I could find a female who would give herself the trouble to deceive me so ingeniously, that I might believe it all. How grateful should I be to her, even in awakening me from my dream of happiness; for, in spite of my hatred of the sex, I feel the necessity of loving them.

I said that my youth was unhappy; how could it be otherwise, since I lost my mother at a very early age, and became my father's pet? I was aware that he loved me to excess; and, in spite of all the esteem and love I felt for him in return, my feeling of confidence in him was shaken, if not destroyed.

I afterwards imagined I had found friends: custom and intercourse had bound them to me; we separated, and I was forgotten. I then threw myself into the arms of art. I taught myself to look upon great artists as little less than gods; but, upon a closer intimacy, I was astonished to find them, in spite of their approach to divinity, very nearly upon a level with myself. The masters were at open war, and abused each other in a most unheavenly manner; what then were the scholars to do?—O, thou divine art! if the incentives to comprehend thee were not in *thyself*, I should have been lost. And yet Thou, my only solace, my hope, my all, even Thou canst rise up against me as a foe, and at the very moment I am embracing thee in rapture of heart, canst dash me to the earth in the consciousness of my own nothingness. Circumstances, which narrow and cramp everything, and which,—like the fabled dress of Hercules,—cling so painfully to humanity, set me at variance with myself, with my friends, with the art, nay, with Heaven—while I conform to them, I am wasting in secret away; while I laugh, I am perishing; while uttering some *jeu d'esprit* I am pronouncing my death warrant.

In a word, misery is the portion of man; the image of perfection is ever before his eyes, but only to mock him with the impossibility of its attainment; he is ever restless and discontented; he is a personified impulse without any settled power, will, or capability of repose. He may possess them for a moment, but they are evanescent phenomena, upon which it is impossible to calculate. To me there cannot be a more convincing proof of the truth of this, than the very speculations in which I am at this moment engaged, and which flow from the very fulness of my soul.

[Thus ends this very remarkable production, which we are persuaded our readers will have perused with equal interest and pleasure; and, like ourselves, regret its too early termination. The sketches are, throughout, extremely characteristic, and the latter paragraphs cannot fail to recall to such as enjoyed the advantage of an intercourse with their gifted author, the very similitude of the man, his thoughts and manners—of a being whose soul was too large and too restless for its frail mortal tenement; whose genius perpetually sighed for an Universe and an Eternity, and obtained it. We praise somewhat ambiguously those artists who are said "to live before their time." Weber lives, and will assuredly live far beyond his.—Ed. M. W.]

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. WILLMAN AND MRS. GODBE.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—Some persons have expressed their regret that the concerts getting up for the benefit of the widows and families of the late Messrs. Willman and Godbe, should take place on consecutive days; namely, Monday and Tuesday, the 28th and 29th instant. The fact is, that M. Costa informed Mrs. Willman that M. Laporte would grant the use of the Opera-room, and give permission to the singers, on the 28th; so that the Committee had no choice, nor had they anything to do with fixing the date. Some friends of Mrs. Godbé were anxious that her concert should be postponed for a week; but those who have undertaken to manage it deem it more prudent not to alter the day, lest the performers who have kindly promised their services, might not be able to attend. This explanation is necessary, in order that Sir George Smart and the Committee may not be unjustly accused of acting unfairly towards Mrs. Godbé; for Mrs. Willman had applied to M. Laporte more than two months ago, but did not receive a decisive answer until the week before last. Yours, &c.,

June 22nd, 1841,

A CONSTANT READER.

[The above explanation seems requisite, and we trust will have the effect of concentrating, rather than dividing, public sympathy.—Ed. M. W.]



# MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

**SIGNOR AND MME. F. LABLACHE'S CONCERT.**—The Opera concert-room was again crowded to excess on Wednesday, the 16th instant, when a choice performance took place, for the benefit of these very deserving artists.

Among a long list of favourite vocal common-places, several pieces, new to the concert-room, were executed by Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, Dorus Gras, Viardot Garcia, F. Lablache, and Miss Masson, Signori Rubini, Tamburini, Mario, de Bassani, and the two Lablaches. Mme. F. Lablache sung Mozart's "L'Addio" with adequate feeling and purity, and Sig. F. Lablache executed, with much *vis comica*, a duet of Paer, in which he expounded the laws of the *bel canto* to Mme. Dorus Gras, much to her edification and the amusement of the audience. Mme. Dulcken, Messrs. Godefroid, Regondi, Lidel, and Master Rousseau, performed each a favourite show piece on their respective instruments. Messrs. Vieuxtemps and Benedict repeated the *Sonnambula* duet, and the former, though interrupted by the *fracas* of a frail fiddle-string, got through his *fantasia* most satisfactorily. The "Tyrolienne," from *Guillaume Tell*, was set down to be sung by all the vocalists, twelve in number, as a Finale, emulative of the popular *Preghiera*; but we were unable to sit out so abundant a banquet. Sig. Costa presided.

**MR. FREDERIC WILLIAMS'S CONCERT.**—This was the interesting event of a young musician's entry upon his public career, and the Hanover-square Room has rarely contained so large a jury of able critics, as were assembled to sit in judgment on the aspirant of Wednesday last. This new candidate for professional honours is more youthful than the title of "Mr.," by which he was announced, conventionally implies; but his ability is less juvenile than his appearance, and he can well afford to dispense with the indulgence usually conceded to the Tyro. His style is masculine, brilliant, and expressive; his touch is elastic—his execution clear and rapid—his power of hand vigorous—and his schooling, in every respect, creditable to his preceptor, Mr. Moscheles; than whom, we have not at this time a more efficient teacher, or completer master of his art—what though he be now and then led a little astray by fashion and caprice—"pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

Our young pianist played four times during the evening—Thalberg's hugely ugly Huguenot *Fantasia*, Beethoven's Sonata, op. 47, in which he was ably assisted by Mr. Wolff, some studies of Mr. Moscheles, and a quintet of Hummel, with Messrs. Wolff, Beit, Lidel, and Severn. This selection was by no means in the best taste, though it might have been made for the display of the young artist's versatility: so far it was pardonable, and the very clever execution made some atonement; but we strongly protest against the sinfulness of imbuing the young mind with the heresy of fashionable "new readings," now-a-days, so prevalent in the performance of classical pianoforte works: we allude especially to the Sonata above-named, the modern rendering of which might shake the bones of poor Beethoven in his grave; as for the *Fantasia*, we devoutly hope that every student who has taken the trouble to wade through its hyperbolical extravagancies, will immediately burn his copy, and swallow a full tumbler of Lethe. The Quintet was an able and classical performance; and the fiat of judgment, upon the whole, was most honourable to our young friend, and must have been highly gratifying to all who take an interest in his dawn of prosperity. Mr. Wolff played a violin solo, Mr. Ribas a flute *Fantasia*, and M. de la Riviere one on the harp, with much applause. Mdles. Ostergaard and Meerti, Mr. Weiss and Sig. Brizzi, sang several favourite pieces; the latter gave an Italian air of Handel, "Rendi il sereno," most charmingly—the two ladies winning affection in the *bijou* "Sull' aria;" and Mdle. Meerti executed a native Spanish song with unusual vivacity and success. Mr. John Parry made a very agreeable *ente acte* of his Governess and Singing lesson. Mr. Moscheles presided.

**MR. NEATE'S SOIREEES.**—The recent severe domestic affliction which robbed us of Mr. Neate's assistance on Thursday evening, threw a gloom over the most

numerous audience that has attended the series, which was however gradually dissipated by a very pleasant evening's entertainment—Mr. Salomon supplying Mr. Neate's place with much tact and general satisfaction.

The performance opened with Mendelssohn's new Trio in D minor; it is a charming work, particularly the *andante* and *schirzo*; it was well played by Messrs. Salomon, Eliason, and Lidel. We cannot say as much for the Beethoven Sonata, op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), the extravagant "new readings" of their predecessors having been made still further perversional of the composer's intentions by Messrs. Salomon and Eliason; every *cantabile* phrase in the quick movements was rendered *adagio*, and every semiquaver variation of the *andante* was whipped up into a *presto*. Add to these, passages given in octaves, single chords at the end of a short *piano* thundered out so as to startle one from one's seat, and fifty other similar melo-dramaticisms, and the reader will agree with us that some law for the recovery of a deadend upon the instruments, which are made to cause such musicides, is most desirable of enactment, as a check to the increase of this most flagrant unpunishable evil. Miss Burfield and Mr. Henry Wyld, pupils of Mr. Neate, performed each a pianoforte piece, with great credit to themselves and their tutor. Mr. Jarratt played a solo on the horn, Mr. Lidel another on the violoncello, and Sig. Regondi de Beriot's Concerto movement on the concertina—each receiving a due meed of applause.

The vocalists were Mdles. Bassano, Ward, and Masson, Herr Kroff, and Mr. F. N. Crouch, whilom the violoncellist, who sang a Canzonet of Mr. John Barnett—certainly not one of his usual happy efforts. Sir George Smart presided.

MISS AND MR. HAWES' CONCERT.—We were right glad to see the Hanoversquare Room abundantly filled on Friday evening, including in its concourse many an annual attendant of five and twenty years standing, and a few of the artists who have during that period companioned the father's, and now delight in the daughter's successes.

The tact and experience of Mr. Hawes presented his friends with an excellent, certainly the most popular concert of the season; we use the expression "popular" in no invidious sense, for the selection and performance, which had something for every taste, had nothing at all objectionable, and much to please all.

Mme. Dorus Gras, Mrs. A. Toulmin, Misses Birch, Bruce Wyatt, and Hawes, Messrs. Vaughan, J. Bennett, H. Phillips, Sale, Moxley, Bradbury, John Parry, and the Chapel Royal boys sustained the vocal parts, and Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Carte and F. Chatterton, Messrs. Loder, Willy, W. Cramer, Kearns, J. and W. Loder, C. Smart, Lazarus and Smithies, were the instrumental phalanx of the evening, the whole of whom joined in the *Preghiera*, and the national anthem arranged to the original music of Dr. John Bull, composed for an entertainment given in 1607 at Merchant Tailors' Hall, to King James, the MS. of which is now in the possession of Mr. R. Clarke, of Westminster Abbey, as a musical curiosity, shewing the legitimate and indigenous ancestry of our fine old masculine tune; this performance was highly commendable, and enthusiastically applauded.

The other most favourite pieces were the *Preghiera*, which was never better given; a new song by Miss Hawes, "Where the wild rose," a very pretty morceau; Haydn's "My mother bids me," chastely sung by Miss Bruce Wyatt; Dibdin's "Sailor's Journal," in Mr. H. Phillips' best style; and Mr. John Parry's vocal advertisement for a wife, which was, of course, answered by "X, Y, Z, married." Sir George Smart presided, and the whole performance reminded us of the *ancien regime* of vocal concerts, that was wont to please and satisfy, before the "Monster" vogue, with its abominable perpetrations, had sway.

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT.—We know not where the merit lies of having presented the subscribers and the public with an improved selection on Saturday, but to whomsoever, all praise and honour be given. Two overtures, the composition of the students, two entire instrumental solos, a vocal piece by Mozart and another (in English too), by Haydn, are sufficient to flavour even a tasteless potion, and the concert of Saturday had the additional negative propriety of administering nothing absolutely bitter.

Our notice must necessarily be a brief one; and we therefore dismiss the two



overtures by Cronin, (king's scholar), and C. J. Toms, as very talented academic exercises. Miss Loder played the *adagio* and *rondo* of Weber's concerto in E flat, so cleverly, that her audience could not but regret that the old sin of abridgement had robbed her of the means to develop her full capability in the most important movement of the work she handled. Miss Collings fared better; her true spirited master, Mr. Mudie, having protested against her performance of a mutilated piece—praise be to thee, friend Mudie; true friend of thy beautiful art, and of the dignity of thine own *alma mater*!—and well did the pupil justify the tutor's championship; for scarcely have we heard a more careful and finished rendering of Mendelsohn's fine concerto in G minor, than that of Miss Collings on this occasion. Mr. M'Lewee's performance of Kalliwoda's violin *concertino* (also ungarbled), was clear, bold, brilliant, and strongly indicative of future "high emprise."

Misses Spence and Bellchambers sang Mozart's "letter" duet from *Figaro* very pleasingly; Miss Steele evinced a pure taste and rich vocal capability in Haydn's recitative and air from the *Seasons*, "O! welcome now the thicket's gloom;" Miss Marshall, whose voice is a very sweet *contr' alto*, sang Rossini's "Elena O tu" extremely well; Miss Mason, Mr. Ferrari, and Miss Duval, were deservedly applauded in their several songs; and Miss Ley made a decided effect in the *Freischütz* scena, though even in the hands of Mme. Dorus it could be but a shadow of Weber's imagining, for lack of scenic auxiliaries; we, for ourselves, strongly object to the enfeebling of dramatic music in the concert-room, where, if it be really dramatic, it must necessarily want something, perhaps much, that was originally contemplated for its perfect appropriateness. How would the Colossus of Rhodes appear, if re-erected, not across a river, but standing on one leg in the centre of a glazed conservatory? The only apology for these musical solecisms is, when the pieces are intrinsically good, and even then, it is a very questionable apology; but in the instance of Meyerbeer's music, which requires every aid of scene and interesting action to render it endurable, how very unwise was the selection from *Il Crociato* and *Les Huguenots*. However, we are tongue-tied by the prominent improvement in this concert, and are consoled by the adage—"Rome was not built in a day."

Mr. Lucas conducted, Mr. F. Cramer led, and the band was somewhat steadier than usual; the Hanover-square Room was crowded to excess.

MISS GEARY AND MISS ELIZABETH GEARY'S CONCERT.—A numerous company honoured these talented young ladies by their presence at Willis's Rooms on Monday afternoon, including many of the fashionable world. Miss Geary is a brilliant pianist, who makes light of the modern difficulties set down for the instrument. Her performance of Doehler's *Anna Bolena Fantasia* was achieved without apparent effort, and won considerable applause; Miss Geary also executed the *Sonnambula* Duet with Mr. H. Blagrove very satisfactorily. Miss E. Geary is a vocalist possessing a sweet and flexible voice, and evidently a good style, which, when she has conquered her present timidity by frequent appearances before the public, will entitle her to rank highly in her art; this young lady also played a *Fantasia* on the concertina very adroitly. Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. Chatterton, and Mr. Saynor, a flautist of superior ability, performed each a solo with meritorious applause.

Mesdames Dorus Gras, F. Lablache, and A. Toulmin, Messrs. J. Gear, F. Lablache, and John Parry, sang several of their most popular pieces; a Signor Marras, whom we do not recollect to have previously heard, displayed a fine tenor voice and good taste in Bellini's "Tutto è sciolto;" and Herr Bigall gave us an Alpine national song, with guitar accompaniment, which was highly approved by the audience. Signor Cittadini presided; and, bating a little too much noisy display in his preludes, accomplished his onerous duty very skillfully.

MILLE BOTT'S CONCERT.—This performance was extremely well attended at the Hanover-square Rooms, yesterday afternoon, the company including a considerable sprinkling of beauty, rank and fashion.

The fair *beneficiare* is a finished *pianiste* of the Thalberg caste, with amazonian power and ambidextrous execution, contenting herself now and then, however, by wileing rather than spell-binding her hearers. She took part in a trio of

Mendelssohn, played a fantasia of her own arrangement, from airs of Bellini, and a duet for two pianofortes with her pupil, Miss J. Heinke—each eliciting unqualified applause. Messrs. J. B. Chatterton and Carte played each a favourite solo; Mr. Lidel and Signor Regondi, their Zampa duet *concertante*; Mrs. Aveling Smith sang "Casta diva;" and Mr. Young, a ballad of his own, "The beautiful banks of the Tweed," which received a very deserved encore; and Mr. John Parry gave his singing lesson, for the advantage of "Governesses wanted." The rest of the concert was supported by the artists of the German Opera.

MR. HANDEL GEAR'S CONCERT.—Our notice of this clever performance, which took place last evening at Hanover-square, is deferred for want of space till next week.

#### PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

LIVERPOOL—*Festival Choral Society*.—This Society gave their twelfth public performance on Tuesday evening, at the Music Hall, Bold-street, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The pieces selected were the "Lay of the Bell," poetry by Schiller, music by Romberg; Haydn's fourth service in B flat; and a sinfonia by Romberg, in E flat. The band comprised many leading amateurs, with the assistance of several professionals; and the sinfonia was performed in a very creditable manner. The "Lay of the Bell," both as regards the poetry and the composition, is a splendid production. The sublimity of Schiller's works is too well known to require any commendation, and the music of Romberg needs only to be heard to be duly appreciated. The main attraction, however, of the performance was its novelty, it being purely of a dramatic character—a desideratum in societies of this description hitherto unattempted. Mr. Davis sustained the character of the master bell-founder, and although nearly the whole weight of the solos rested upon him, he acquitted himself in an admirable manner. The solo, "Let the dam, my men, be broken," was given with great power. His enunciation of the recitative—

"Hurrah! hurrah!

Our work is done, all peril's past;

Now to the welcome christ'ning haste—

Its name shall be 'Concordia,' "

was excellent, and the triumph of the bell-founder on the completion of his work was expressed with an energy which proved that he entered *con amore* into the spirit of the author. Miss Stott had also a prominent character to sustain. The peculiar richness and depth of her intonation, united with a purity and chasteness of style rarely to be heard in provincial singers, is gaining for this young lady a celebrity which must ultimately place her in the first rank of her profession. She was rapturously encored in the solo, "Wearied now with toil of day," &c. Mr. Stott and Mr. G. Lunt's exertions were also loudly applauded. The choruses were powerfully executed throughout: great attention had evidently been given to their arrangement, and the *pianos* and *fortes* were more distinctly marked than heretofore. The chorus descriptive of the mixing of the metal in the cauldron was decidedly the best, and it was given with astounding effect. The second part of the performance was Haydn's well known Mass, No. 4, the different solos and concerted pieces of which were beautifully rendered by Miss Stott, Miss France, Mr. Earnshaw, and Mr. G. Lunt, and the choruses were effective. The band was ably led by Mr. G. Eyton, and Mr. G. Holden officiated as conductor, fully sustaining the high character which his former efforts had gained for him. The performance terminated at half-past ten o'clock.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

GERMAN OPERA.—Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre on Friday, with very doubtful success, though supported by all the principal singers. The early part of the opera, which offers large opportunities for the chorus, was capitally performed and well received; but the only character generally considered to have been adequately supported, was that of Bertram, by Herr Staudigl; and the last act of the opera was attended by very unequivocal marks of disapprobation. Her Majesty and Consort were present. The season,

which has been anything but profitable to the undertakers, is announced to terminate next week.

**NATIVE TALENT.**—Her Grace the Duchess of Argyle gave a concert on the 15th instant, to a numerous party of the highest rank; the performances were entirely native, under the direction of Sir George Smart. It is pleasant to record such instances of good taste and feeling, which are alike worthy of imitation by the true lovers of the art and the country, and of grateful admiration in our professors.

**MOTET SOCIETY.**—An association of gentlemen, principally connected with the church, has been formed under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Puzey, for the practice and publication of Motets, with a view to their more general use in the public church service, as well as in family circles. With this intent, Mr. Edward Rimbault has been appointed to select and edit the best specimens, from the works of native and foreign composers, produced previous to the year 1750, which will be published successively, on the plan of the Musical Antiquarian Society, for the use of the members, who, we learn, already reach the number of four hundred.

**CONCERTS D'ETE.**—Mr. Eliason is mustering an efficient troop for the re-commencement of these performances at Drury-Lane Theatre, on Thursday the 15th of July.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.**—At the annual meeting, held on Tuesday, the following officers were unanimously elected for the year:—*Committee of Management*—Messrs. Calkin, Clinton, W. Erat, J. H. Griesbach, Lucas, G. A. Macfarren, Tutton, Willy, and Westrop; *Auditors*—Messrs. Cubitt, Gattie, and Stephen; *Treasurer*—Mr. James Erat; *Secretary*—Mr. G. J. Baker.

**GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.**—The meeting of the three choirs (Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester) will take place on the 7th of September. Mr. Amott, the organist of the Cathedral, has been in London for some time making arrangements. The following singers have been engaged:—Mme. Dorus Gras, Mme. Viardot Garcia, Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Bennett, Hobbs, Phillips, and Signor Tamburini. These triennial meetings commenced at Hereford in 1724, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the clergy of the three dioceses, under the auspices of Dr. Thomas Bisse, Chancellor of Hereford.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Secretary of the Dublin Philharmonic Society will oblige by forwarding the date of the last concert, which, in the notice sent, is merely mentioned as "last evening." We invite, and at all times give insertion to notices of such performances, not merely as a testimony to the talent and zeal by which they are supported, but as examples and inducements for the formation of similar societies in every part of the empire.

A Birmingham Subscriber. No interest is required for the admission of students to the Royal Academy of Music: they must be introduced by a member of, or Subscriber to the Institution: they are required to pass an examination by the principal, and the stipend is fifty guineas per annum, including board and lodging, or thirty guineas without: ten guineas entrance. Full particulars may be had on application to Mr. Smith, the Secretary, at the Academy.

Our Wolverhampton Friend is not forgotten.

J. P.'s note is unctious to our barebone worked fingers, and excited anxiety.

"Orpheus," "Q. Q.," a "Brompton Reader," and "Patria," are referred to an answer given last week respecting the Opera Society now forming, of whose definite proceedings we are promised the earliest information.

Mr. Chorley is thanked for his volumes, which we are hungry to peruse.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

Series of Trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, book 1, forming Beethoven's op. 38, in E flat. *Wessel.*

Beethoven's Sonata, op. 17 in F, for piano and violoncello, and piano and horn. *Ditto.*  
op. 12, no. 2 Sonata. *Ditto.*

##### PIANOFORTE.

Collection of Beethoven's Works, by Czerny, no 4, Sonata in E flat, op 7; no. 13, Sonata in F sharp minor, op 27. *Wessel.*

no 32, Variations in G, on Nel cor piu. *Ditto.*

Beethoven's Works, new edition, book 1, containing 8 Sonatas, op. 2, 6, 7, and 10. *Ewer.*

##### VOCAL.

Negri (Luigi) solo, Ogetto Romanza Poesia, di M. Maggioni. *Boosey.*

Lyra Germanica, a series of German songs, with German words only—No. 37, Ungeduet musik von Schubert; no. 38, Das Erkennen, Proch; no. 39, Die Post, Schubert; no. 40, Der kleine Hans, Curchman; no. 41, Lebewohle, Proch; no. 42, Der Wanderer. *Ditto.*

*(List of New Publications continued.)*

Ah! revedo melodia Svizzera accomodata a due voci da Luigi Negri con poesia di M. Maggioni

Rink's Devotional Songs, book 2, containing Everlasting love; O Thou, the source of every blessing; Did holy Jesus bleed for die; Light of Glory; Source of mercies; In songs my grateful heart rejoice

Boosey.

Ever.

Series of German Songs, no. 235, Lovely Minka, I must leave thee

A set of six Songs by N. J. Sporic—No. 1,

2, My father's song; no. 3, The voices of home; no. 4, The first wrinkle; no. 5,

My grandfather's days; no. 6, My home in childhood

Wessel.

Chappell.

**THE LATE MR. WILLMAN.—A GRAND MORNING CONCERT** for the BENEFIT of the WIDOW and FAMILY of this distinguished clarionet player, who have been left in distressed circumstances, will be given (by the kind permission of M. Laporte) in the Opera Concert Room, on MONDAY, June 28. The elite of the Italian and German Operas and native vocalists with several distinguished and instrumental artistes, and the bands of the Philharmonic and Opera orchestras, have kindly consented to give their valuable assistance. Conductor, Signor Costa; Leaders, Messrs. F. Cramer and J. D. Loder. Further particulars will be duly announced.

GEORGE SMART, Hon. Sec.

**QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.**

**A GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the above Rooms on TUESDAY, June 29, 1841, for the benefit of the Widow and Orphans of the late MR. GODBE, a highly talented professor, whose death, after a protracted illness, recently took place in the Bethnal Green Lament Asylum, leaving his young family totally unprovided for. The following distinguished artists have nobly offered the attraction of their united talents for this occasion:—Miss Birch, Mrs. Aveling Smith, Miss Bruce Wyatt, Miss Brooks (pupil of Sir G. Smart), Mlle. Hillen, from Brussels, Miss Bassano, and Mlle. Meert. Mr. Handel Gear, Mr. Charles Purday, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. J. Parry. M. Vieuxtemps, Mr. Haussmann, Mr. Richardson, Sig. Regondi, Mr. J. B. Chatterton and Mr. Moscheles. Conductor, M. Benedict.

Single Tickets, 7s.; Box Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets to admit four, £1 1s.; to be had of DUFF and HODGSON, 65, Oxford Street; CRAMER, 201, Regent Street; CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, and all Music Sellers.

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**JUST, PUBLISHED** by Messrs. Cramer and Co., the Songs, Duets, &c., from the following new operas; viz. Nicola's Templario; Lillo's Lostero d'Andujar; Donizetti's Adelia; Auber's Zanetta; Mercadante's Elena da Felto.

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**NOTICE.**

In answer to numerous applications and complaints from our provincial friends, it is respectfully stated that the "Musical World" is published every Thursday, at Twelve o'clock, so that London readers may be supplied in the course of the afternoon, and country subscribers will receive their copies by the same evening's post, or through their respective agents in the district where they reside.

The terms of subscription for stamped copies, which ensures the most punctual delivery, are—sixteen shillings per annum, or four shillings per quarter, paid in advance. Parties requiring a single number, may receive it promptly per post, by enclosing a four-penny piece in their order, *post paid*, to the office of the Journal in London.

London:—HUGH CUNNINGHAM, No. 1, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, where Advertisements, announcements of new publications, and all letters for the Editor are received. Communications forwarded after Tuesday cannot be available in the current week's number. And at the Music Warehouses of

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